FAmes windy trump blew up this haughty minde
To doe or wiſh, to doe what here you finde:
'Twas were held error yet in errant Knights
(Which priviledge he claimes) to dreſſe their fights
In high hyperbolies: for youths example
To make their minds as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus ſuch atchievements are aſſaid and done
As paſſe the common power and ſence of man.
Then let high ſpirits ſtrive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

The LEGEND of CAPTAINE JONES : *the first & 2d part .*

inted for R. Marriott & are sould at his shop under ye Kings head Tavern in Fleetstreet neare Chancery-lane en

D. Lloyd

THE LEGEND OF Captaine JONES.

RELATING

His adventure to Sea: His first landing, and strange combat with a mighty Beare.

His furious battell with his six and thirty men, against the Army of eleven Kings, with their overthtow and deaths.

His relieving of *Kemper* Castle.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with six huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand Soldiers.

His taking Prisoner, and hard usage.

Lastly, His setting at liberty by the Kings command, and returne for *England*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. *Dunstans* Church yard Fleet-street, 1656.

To the Reader.

Reader, y'have here the Mirrour of the times,
Old Jones *wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.*
Receive him fairely (pray;) nor censure how,
Or what he tells: the matter hee'l avow.
And for the forme he speakes in, I'le maintain it,
It comes as neer his vaine as I could strain it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
Cappariſon'd, and pannell a great horſe.
My part claims no inventions praiſe: for (know it)
Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.
His laſt deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to ſet them forth compleat.
Let him whoſe lofty Muſe will deigne to doe it,
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and ſo fall to it.

Ἰώνης Ἐρυθραινόμενος.

Νικήσας πάμπολλα πολυθρύλλητος Ἰώνης
Ἔθνεα, κεκμηκὼς εἰς κυλεὸν ὦσε μάχαιραν,
Καὶ δόμον εἰς Αἴδαο ἔβη μετὰ μόρσιμον ἦμαρ
Ὄψιν ἐρυθιόων, ἐκ φοινίσσοντο παρειαὶ
Ἐκπάγλως, ἀκρὰ ῥινὸς δ' ἐρυθραίνετο στήλη:
Οἱ δὲ ὑποχθόνιοι πάντες θάμβησαν ἰδόντες
Τὴν ἐν ῥινὶ χρόαν, τὴν ἐν φλογόεντι προσώπῳ:
Καὶ πόθεν ἢ τι παθὼν τάυτας ὀλοφυγδόνας ἔσχε
Θαύμαζον δνώμη δὲ οὐκ ἔπλετο πᾶσιν ἡ αὐτὴ:
Οἱ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐνδαπίοιο πότου τὸ χρῶμα γενέσθαι
Εὐστόχεον, πίνειν γὰρ ἐθίζετο ὄρθριος, ἠδὲ
Ἑσπέριος, πίνεσκε πολὺ, πίνεσκε δὲ πυκνὰ:
Τούνεκ' ἀναίθετο ὄψιν ἀφ' ἥπατος αἰθομένοιο.
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ὤοντο μολούμενον ἐκ πολέμοιο
Ἐκ τ' ἀνγροκτασίες, καὶ γείτονος ἠελίοιο
Τούς τε παρειάων κυκλοὺς, καὶ ῥῖνα κεκαῦσθαι.
Τοῦ δὲ πάθους ἀπέφηνε λόγον στ' Ἀσκλήπιος ἄλλον
Ἐιν ἁλὶ τρεῖς λυκάβαντας Ἰώνης δεινὰ πέπονθε
Πλαζόμενος, νήσους ὅτ' ἐδίζετο τηλόθ' ἐούσας:
Ἠδέος ἀντ' οἴνου, ἀνθ' ὕδατος, ἀντὶ δὲ κοῦρμι

Οὖρον

Οὖρον ἔπινε μόνον, κ' αὐτὸς καὶ ὁμήλυδες ἄνδρες.
Ἅυτε θερμαίνουσα πόσις τὸ πρόσωπον ἔφλεξε:
Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ δικασπόλος ἀντίον ηὐδα,
Τίφθ' ἁφαμαρτοεπὲς φλυαρεῖς Ασκλήπιε; οὐδὲν
Οὔτ' οἰνοφλυγίας ορᾴεις σημεῖον, ἢ οὔρου
Πινομένου τριετὲς, φοιβηΐου οὐδὲ καὶ ἄστρου:
Ἀιεὶ σωφροσύνης Ἥρως ῥὰ μὲμηλε καὶ αἰδοῦς,
Θαύματα γὰρ ῥέζων καὶ ἱπερβαίνοντα πενιχρὰν
Ἀνδρομέων πίστιν ψυκῶν ἐφοβεῖτο κε μήπως
Ψευδόμενος φαίνοιτο, τὴ δ' αἴτιόν ἐστιν ἐρεύθους
Τοῦτο, ἀκουόντεσσιν ἀρέσκετο γνώμη ἄνακτος
ἠλυσίοις πεδίοισι γέλως κ' ἄσβεστος ἐνῶντο.

P. E.

After Captaine *Fones* his great Conqueſt in the Indies, theſe Verſes were ingraven on a Pillar of Gold, in the famous City of *Chiapa*.

HAvacun ! atſiquinta, rucar, ruchaquit, a holom,
Rutſi untſiquin Jonos, *quintacque* Britanno ;
In rutisba Dios, chiru narapata tiquita,
Xalocohta naloc quinquimi, nava tinuloc,
Chaquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, *Cacaracarta*
Inra Ixnulocosh Europon *quincol amoloh,*
Chinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,
Mecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rutat,
Inrurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocoh
Havecohta ruvac, Rixim car nucar avixim ;
Ixlocon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Pan Nutſi nnchac, quixrochi nutisba China ;
Chipam Rumolohimac, numac taxa veronquil
Chyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir,
Chiloconthо Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,
Quinvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.

By the assistance of Mr. Gage *his rules to learn that Indian Tongue call'd* Poconchi, *thus faithfully and verbatim translated into English.*

HO Passenger! Behold, read, understand,
Great *Jones* a Brittaine conquer'd all this Land;
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of Salvages he slew:
At last the *Spanish Dons* with all their force
Of *Indian* foot, and *European* Horse
Surpriz'd him neere *Chiapa*, where he stood
Five houres in fight cover'd with fire and blood;
And in that furious conflict, all his men
Who were once thirty sixe reduc't to ten,
With those few blades, and his owne mighty Arme,
He did repulse them without spell or charme:
Then to his Ship retreated; and to shew
'Twas Glory and not Gold he did pursue,
Of all the spoiles he took but one rich Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

This Monument stood Undefac'd 1588. *But Immediately after was demolisht by the Envy of the Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.*

E.LL.

On the REVIVALL of Captaine JONES.

WHy ſoak'ſt thou Coward Hand, doſt drop the Pen
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men?
What meanes this ſtrange Surprizall that unknitts
Thy joynts, poſſeſſing them with Palzied Fits?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
(Without Apollo's *Call) muſt feele the ſame.*
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthuſiaſt the Prieſts among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars; *our joyes run ore*
To ſee the truth of a Platonique yeare
Confirm'd in thee; ſo bright doſt thou appeare
Deckt with thy valours Rayes: Poets (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up thou God-like Man.
What brave Revenge had'ſt th'ad on thy old Foe,
Hadſt thou but breath'd our Aire ſome moneths agoe?
Thou, and thy ſix and thirty ſet on ſhore
In Hiſpaniola, *would'ſt have acted more*
Than was (I bluſhing write it) done by ——
And —— with their ten thouſand men.

I acquieſce, and leave to higher Formes
Thy ſtern deportment in all Fights and ſtormes,
Who draw at large, and well; my ſingle Hint
Is a Portentous Act in a ſmall Print.
Reward thoſe who againe have made thee breath,
With Laurell ta'ne from thy victorious wreath;
I have enough t'entitle me to Fame,
Who both a Britaine, am, and of thy Name.

H. I.

A Supplement to the famous Hiſtorie of the truly valiant and Magnanimous Captain Jones.

LOoke to your ſelves. I ſee his marble frowne,
His threatning aſhes challenge their renowne,
Expoſtulating thus. Durſt your narration
Omit thoſe noble acts of admiration,
Which I perform'd, when *Æolus* deny'd
Me his aſſiſtance gainſt the ſtruggling tide?
Never was Martiall man affronted worſe,
Tyrone had brib'd him to retort my courſe.
Some wiſh'd mee ſend to Lapland for a winde,
Nay that I ſcorn'd, I had enough behinde;
Turning my poſterne, I ſent forth a blaſt
That tore the ſailes, and crack'd the Sturdy maſt,
Hurrying my friggot with ſuch force, that it
Ranne on a ſhelve, and ſo was like to Split.
'Gramercy policie, this I foreſaw,
For ſuch miſchances I had help at Maw;
I'de dranke an Ocean up of Engliſh Beere
Which (wanting water) I made uſe of here;
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore decke and Spouted,
And fill'd the ſhoare, ſo that Saint Patricke ſhouted,
And cry'd, my friends this is no time for mirth,
Oh hone! a deluge comes to drowne the earth!

Obſtructions being removed in this ſort,
At length I landed in an Iriſh port,
And thought it wiſdome, before they came to treat,
To ſtay my ſtomack with a bit of meate.
Seeing a cooke hang up a ſtall-fed oxe,
I bade him roaſte him quickly with a poxe;
Twa's quickly done: as ſoone as off the Spit
My Valiant grinders Snapt it at a bitt,
Sooner than one could turne his hand about,
As when a Pickrell ſwallows up a Trout.
The Cook's amazed: what quoth I, thou thiefe,
I doe not eat but barrell up my beefe;
I can lay up a whole one and a halfe,
The oxe that Milo Carried was a calfe:
Sirrah make haſte, get mee ſome more meate dreſt
To fortifie the caſtle of my breſt.
I meane to feed as Dromedaries doe,
Both for the preſent and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs;
I ſpeedily deſtroyd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death natures beadle tooke me by the hand,
And ſaid, Grand Captaine I thee now disband,
Abſtract of valour, let thy name be bleſt,
Lie downe within this tombe, and take thy reſt.

R.LL.

On Valiant *Jones*.

Come see the Man, whom Mountaines bred,
Who talked high, as he was fed
No Court like Milk sop train'd tot'h fidle,
But yeand i'th' Region call'd the middle.
There Captaine Jones his cradle chooses,
More dangerous then that of Moses;
For that was watch'd by Pharaos daughter,
The Deabe a Nurse did him looke after,
Or he for them: Come Wolfe, or goat
Who tooke the Nibb, and fill'd his throat
Thence was ally'd to Brute; neer Cuz
By th' nurses side to Romulus:
And for his nimblenesse and skipping,
Remus (himselfe) could nere out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat
Came from the Rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's
All flaggy too, and ranke as theirs.
Which was resented, as was Mars
Or Hercules for his blacke A ----
These were strange signes, and did betoken
What ere was after by him spoken.

'Twas well the warrs were done before
Lost in Lluellin and Glendore.
Had Jones liv'd then, in vaine th' Assales
Of Saxons; Wales had still bin Wales.
Nay had the fates (but they deny'd,
For Jones had neither barne nor bride)
Sav'd but his Præpuce in Skincks fight,
That spoyld his skirmishes by night.
No doubt an Issue, not of's leggs
But of his Loynes, for he lov'd eggs
Extreamely to the very bowells,
Would have out Vavasord the Powells:
Content us therefore with those duells
Which no man did, or very few els,
Related from his mouth: This Brit;
As Cæsar did, could he have writ,
What Comments had he made? what storys
Of Irish wolves which now are Torys?
This Frontispice alas! nay twentie.
As big as this had bin too scantie
The Elephant and's Pego-man
And Hobb's on his Leviathan,
Nay what so ere old Inigo
(His nameſake) could have drawne for show
Had been too small a Scene: why then
No more, it shrivells up my Pen.

On

On the Legend of Captain Jones.

READER, bee *ſtout* and *credulous*, for he
Muſt have both *Courage* and *credulitie*
That reads this *Poem*; and to have enough,
His ſoule ſhould be halfe *Cheverell* and halfe *Buffe:*
For *Jones* ſuch things doth *talke*, and ſuch things *do*
As farre tranſcend all *Faith* and *Reaſon* too.

That antient *Poets* that in former times,
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying Rythimes;
Muſt go to ſchool to learn of *Jones*, for hee
At once both made and writ all Chivalrie.
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both muſt clubb
To make one ſtorie, this muſt fight, that dubb.
Which asks *Time*, *Charge* & *danger*; whilſt bold *Jones*
Does without either, raiſe, and kill at once;
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he liſt,
He could *diſpute*, as well as *fight* with fiſt.
With on *Cuff-ſyllogiſme* confute more men
Then *Witt or Reaſon* could convince with ten.

'Mong all the *Gyants* whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three ſignall Battles fought with *Death*,
While *Fame*, that ſtill hates living men, gave out,
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to cleare the doubt,
Employ'd the *Wits* with a lamenting pen
In *Epitaphs* to kill him o're agen.

At which enrag'd he roſe, and ſwore *They lye*;
Jones is not dead; I ſweare *Jones* ſhall not dye.

A. B.

Upon Captaine Jones *Relating his own Exploits.*

LOe here great Captaine *Jones*! in whom doe dwell
Both Mars and Mercury, Gods ſtout and fell;
Thou, thine owne Trump, doſt with a valiant voice
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conqueſts noiſe;
Thus thy Minerva lends thee ſpeech and ſhield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'ſt unto thee yeeld;
Ajax, Uliſſes, both in Thee agree,
Thy valour and thy Tongue alike are free;
Great Alexander's Envy would have ceaſt,
Nor would Achilles fate have Spoyl'd his reſt,
Had but *Jones* Poetry inſpir'd his Soule,
To whom, the blind man Homer's but a foole;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd phanſy write,
Jones cou'd doe more, both ſtrangely faine and fight;
Cæſar of all the Worthy's moſt like Thee,
He did both fight and tell's owne Hiſtorie,
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation
Seemes but an old thred-bare narration;
So betweene both how vaſt's the Difference,
Jones doth all Cæſars baffle, and all Sence.

I. V. Oxon.

On the same.

Away with Fictions, short of our stout man,
The Poet must now turne Historian;
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories
His conquests, his trophyes, and yet no lyes!
What Warres were they when all each battell fell
But Jones, *and he surviv'd, his services to tell?*
When he relates the story, an Enemy
Truth feares to be, lest in contending shee
Too late learne due subjection; thus the tyde
Forces the waters that would gently slide:
When our great Jones, *had quite subdu'd the land*
He boldly puts to Sea; but heer's a stand,
The Sea of such an adversary proud
To try'm, its waves into a storme doth crowd.
Jones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,
For he had often swam in streams of blood;
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back,
That th' very Ocean did feare a Wrack.
Yet he would dye, that th' shades might of him feare,
And learne by Mortalls Woe, great Jones *to feare.*

N. H.

Upon the incomparably valiant, Captain *IONES.*

WHen I doe read thy Legend, *Jones*, and see
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,
I ſtand engag'd 'twixt Wonder and Delight,
That I can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor write.
My Faith thou puzzl'ſt, and Invention too,
'Tis monſtrous ſtrange! but theſe things thou di'ſt doe
Alcides, *Hector*, are out-done by Thee,
Thy Hiſtory hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poore *Hector*! he by his owne Valour's loſt,
But Thou ſurviv'ſt, and doſt thy Triumphs boaſt.
Hercules, we know, hath his *Non ultrà* found,
But to Thee, *Jones*, nor Earth, nor Sea's a Bound;
The World from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South,
To eccho forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth.
The Earth, Great *Jones*, grows fruitfull in thy praiſe,
And all her care's to crown thy head with Bayes.
The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out
Brave *Jones*'s name, who's greater far then *Cnute*.
Neptune to Thee his Trident doth reſigne,
The Whales cry out with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy Command, they ſwell the Maine,

For

or thy great ſake thronging into a Traine;
hen *Spaine* does yeeld to thy fierce heat; thy might
roſtrates their doughty *Don*, *Diego* hight;
y armes ſo toſs'd that vap'ring Admirall,
s if ha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.
hou didſt Beares, Lions, and ſuch Monſters quell;
y thy ſtrong hand the ſturdy El'phant fell.
e the bright Sun peep'd from his Eaſtern bed,
even Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.
hat work wouldſt thou have made in one whole
adſt thou but found for thy Killzadog play? (day,
ow ſuch exploits, ſo ſtrange, thou couldſt atchieve,
one ever yet could tell Brave *Jones*, and live.
ore Mortals we! the Fates have thought it fit
e ſhould in wonder ſpend our dayes and wit.

P.D. Ox.

HAve you not heard of Jones that man of wonder
That brought Don Dego & Mac- kill Cow under
And when he had um there agreed being wise,
To run away before that they should rise?
For 'tis a Maxime; If youl'd bee secure,
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure:
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;
For such tuffe Fellowes as withstood his blowes
Hee scorn'd and shar'd; thinking it base to beat
A stubborne Enemy that men's retreate.
'Mongst all those Blustering sirs that I have read
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Atchivers Name,
So much as Jones's in the Booke of Fame:
They much of Greeces Alexander bragg,
Hee'd put ten Alexanders in a Bag:
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Louts,
Jones with a Ragged Troope beats all to Clouts.
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,
For he could never be accus'd of fact:
And yet no story a Romancer sings,
That ere exploited more stupendious things;
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill,
That's but a flying tale, beleiv't who will:
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one
Would Skinne a Flint, and eat him when h'had done.
Had Jones but bin a live and seene the pudder
Betwix

Betwixt Briganza's Legate and Anſtrudder;
When the fierce Portugall in high Bravado,
(Storming th' Exchange with Piſtols and Granado)
Put the poore Pego mongers to a Rout,
And their beloved Bables flung about:
Hee'd not have fawn'd upon like a Spaniell,
Jones *would have kicks the Dog into the Kennell;*
And ſpight of Darkneſſe made his head ring Noone,
For daring to pluck Honour from the Moone:
H'had dyed no other Death, for furious Jones
Once fleſh'd, would kill ten ſuch and make no bones:
Hee once had an Encounter with a Lyon,
(Though moſt beleive hee never durſt come nigh one)
But as the Author ſays and I beleive,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give
Each other, 'till the Beaſt in wefull dumps
Worne out, (for Jones *had fought him to his ſtumps)*
In honour of his Fall and Jones's *Glory,*
Died with meere Age, and there's an end oth' ſtory.
Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errand, ne'r a bad:
He foil'd great Aſdriaſduſt *in the twinck-*
Ling of an eye, as eaſie as to drink:
And yet as tough, and drie a ſir, as ere was y^t
*Unto a ſword (*Jones *often wiſht him chok't)*
But yet of all the Giants that came nigh him
There's Nerapenny *ſtuck the longer by him;*
For though his ſlender wounds made many doubt him,
That threadbare Tearcoates he had ſtill about him;
And if they ſay he had not, hee's bel, ed

For

For he had ne'r a peny when he dy'd.
Jones *had a valiant ſtomack, and would eat*
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Elſe patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many faſting dayes, and made no bones.
But I'de not have you think it was for want;
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,
The Fowle flew to his Table, and the Fiſh
Left the cold ſtreame, and ſwam into his diſh.
'Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like they ſay)
Jones *was a Cods-head too as well as they.*
But Jones, *like a Diſeaſe, both Sexes ſmites;*
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights:
He was ſo trim a youth the Queen of No-land,
Thought him ſome Princely Shaver come from Poland;
And ſo he prov'd indeed, for by Guds duds
He moſt unkindly left her in the Sudds;
Jones *like a Wiſeacres begg'd to be ſpar'd,*
For he had No-Land, *nor for* No-land *car'd:*
If any aske you wherein lay his Grace?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon not his face.
To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth tell,
Although a ſow-gelders would do't as well.

W.T.

THE LEGEND OF Captaine JONES.

I Sing thy Armes (*Bellona*,) and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great *Tamberlans*:
Thy Trump (dire goddesse) send, *The Invocation.*
that I may thunder
Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.
When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be
The life and death of men, they could not see
A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror
Of martiall spirits, this thunder crack of terror,
Then some vast mountaines womb, whose *His birth-place.*
rigid rocks
Might forme him, and foreshew the hardy knocks

Which he ſhould give and take: Nor were they nice
To thinke it baſe, that mountaines bring forth mice,
Since from a Britiſh mount and *Mars* his ſtones,
They ſent this Man of men, ſterne *Captaine Iones.*
Wild Mares milk nurſt him on the mountaines gorſe,
Which gave him ſtrength and ſtomach like a horſe;
Goats fleſh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
VVhich taught him to mount Rampiers like thoſe (rocks.
Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
With *Reymond* a ſtout brother of the ſword
He firſt attempted Sea, and went abroad,
Two hundred ſtrong, for the Eaſt Indies bound,
Fame was the only prize he ſought or found.
Twice twenty dayes auſpicious waves and winds
Lull'd them: then *Æolus* and *Neptune* joynes
To work *Great Iones* his fall. Envy and ire
To ſee him more then Man, made them conſpire:
Rough *Boreas* whiſtled to the dancing ſhip,
The boiſterous billows ſtrove to over-skip
The bounding veſſell. In this great diſaſter
Reymond, the ſouldiers, Mariners and Maſter
Loſt heart & heed to rule; then up ſtarts *Iones*,
Calls for ſix Giſpins, drinks them off at once.
Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
He aſcends, and drew, and piſt againſt the weather;
And are we borne (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
Shall we deſcend? Thy immortality
Neptune thou muſt reſigne, if I come thither:
One Sea may not contain us both together.

His ſtout behaviour in a ſtorm at ſea.

Nor

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motiō
Who thought he could containe and piſſe an Ocean.
His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he ſhakes,
And frownes; the Sea and ſhip and canvaſſe quakes:
Then from the hatches he deſcends, and ſtept
Into his Cabbin, drank again, and ſlept.
When theſe rough gods beheld him thus ſecure,
And arm'd againſt them like a man pot-ſure,
They ſtint vaine ſtormes; and ſo *Monſtrifera* (So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida, *The name of his ſhip.*
Upon a deſart Iſland call'd *Crotona*,
Where ſavage beaſts and ſerpents live alone:
Here *Iones* would needs no land, though *Reymond* ſwore
Danger was in't: he laught and leapt aſhore. *His landing.*
Danger (quoth he) to the who danger fright,
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some ſix and thirty more put forth to ground,
Theſe for freſh food, he for adventure bound;
They limit their return when three houres ends,
Which *Reymond* with the ſhip at Sea attends.
Theſe Sea ſick ſouldiers, rang hills, woods, and vallies,
Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies;
Iones goes alone, where Fate prepar'd to meet him
With ſuch a prey as did unfriendly greet him;
* A *Beare* as black as darkneſſe, and as fell ** His encounter with a Beare.*
As Tyger, vaſt as the black dog of hell,
Runs at him open jaw'd, ſo fierce, ſo faſt,
That he no leiſure had to draw for haſt
* *Kilza dog* his good ſword, with fiſt he aim'd, ** The name of his ſword.*
Al arm'd, a blow, wch ſure the bear had brain'd,

But that betweene her yawning teeth it dings,
The gauntlet there ſtuck faſt, his hands he wrings
Unarm'd, unharm'd from thence; her formoſt pawes
The Beare on *Iones* his ſhoulder claps, and gnawes
The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Iones* claſpt her
With both his armes, and ſtrove by force to caſt her.
And here they try a pluck, and graſp, and tug,
And foame; but *Iones* who knew the Corniſh hug,
Heaves her a foot from footing, ſwings her round,
And with a ſhort turn hurles her on the ground;
Then came his good ſword forth to act his part,
Which pierc't skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her heart.
The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,
And with it back unto the ſhore he ſtruts,
Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
His and the reſts returne: but he (falſe friend)
When they were once on ſhore and out of ſight,
Hoiſt ſailes to ſea, and tooke himſelfe to flight.
Here *Iones* found fraud in man, and deeply ſweares
Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the reſt he cheares;
All ſafe return'd, but all in deſperation
To ſee themſelves left there to deſolation:
Nor grain nor ground, but wilde; nor man, (nor beaſt,
But ſavage; yet (O ſtrange) here *Iones* doth feaſt
His ſix and thirty daily, 'twas with fiſhes
Toſt from his halberts point into their diſhes;
Wherewith he took them ſtanding on the ſhore
Out of the Ocean: whether 'twas the ſtore
Frequenting this unpeopled coaſt, or whether

He joynes himſelf to the 36. ſoldiers.

His taking of fiſh with his halberts point.

To

To see this wondrous man they should together
And so astonied, yield themselves a prey
To him from whom they durst not swim away.
Bee't so, or so, I'le not decide, but I
Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knowes no lye.
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed
Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,
Who to America transports with *Jones*
His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons,
To Insip were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.
Their first encounter there with famine was,
A dry and desart soile, nor graine nor grasse,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house (and bed.
Such living as that Country could afford
Bold *Jones* was forc't to win by dint of sword
Eleven fierce Kings possesse the fertile tract
Of this great Coast, who all their powers (compact
To vanquish *Jones*: A brave attempt 'tis true,
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thousand choise and doughty men they chose,
To bid him battaile, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes fadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel and (stone
And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew neer (him,

Captain Jones encounters with the great Giant Asdriasdust.

He brought his ſoldiers forth, and thus did cheare them;
My five and twenty friends (for onely thoſe
Had fate & famine left) theſe darts and bows
Are fit to deale with fearful Crows and Daws,
But us whoſe hearts of oak and empty maws,
Hungers ſharp dart hath pierc't (& yet we ſtãd
To fright & foil our foes with ſword in hand)
Theſe weapons cannot conquer, nor the nũber
were they two thouſand ſuch as *Iohn a Cũber.*
Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as faſt,
Eat theſe men-eaters (ſouldiers) kill and taſt.
Would you gaine glory? Kill by ſix and ſeaven,
If Crownes of Kings, then here behold eleven.
And this he ſpake and drew. With ſtomack fierce
They give the firſt aſſault, Now for a verſe
To ſpeak *great Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes
Amongſt the thickeſt ranks, cuts, kils, & throws,
Some by the legs, ſome by the waſt he makes
Shorter; another by the lock he takes,
Reaps off his head, wherewith he braines another,
Then at one ſtroke kils father, ſonne, and brother;
Few ſcap'd with life, but ſtrangely; happy thoſe
Which ſcap'd with loſſe of half a face or noſe.
Nor may I paſſe his men, who cut and ſlaſh
Like thoſe that fought for life, not Crowns or Caſh.
Want made them ſeem (which ſure their foes diſmaid)
The very ſons of death, whoſe parts they plaid;
The Inſips now no aime can take aright,
They thinke each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite;
And ſo they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

His oration to his 25. ſouldiers before their fight with the 2000. ſent againſt him by the 11 American Kings.

His courage in fight.

Five,

Five, with eight hundred ſoldiers left the field; *5. Kings & 1200 ſoldiers ſlain.*
Twelve hundred fel: for thoſe that went off ſafe
Their heels & not their hearts the praiſe he gave.
Unto their fulleſt towns, whē he had kild them,
He brought his ragged regiment and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they finde
A Weare with fiſh of wondrous growth and kind,
Where with a thouſand herrings they were fed, *Strange herrings.*
All two foot long beſides the tail and head.
Here ſome may aske what came of all the wealth,
(For *Iones* brought nothing home beſides himſelfe)
This conqueſt gain'd; ſure many precious things
Muſt needs attend the death of ſix ſuch Kings. *What became of the rich prizes.*
I anſwer briefly; His heroick deſire
Aſcends above earth excrements as fire:
Nor can deſcend to Crownes. The ſouldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drownd.
Still fortune favours *Iones*. Amidſt this river
He ſpies a ſaile directly bearing thither;
He calls, and finds them Engliſh, homeward bound,
Who for freſh water thruſt into the ſound.
With theſe his men and he for England comes,
Had England known it, all her guns & drums *He & his men come for England.*
Had been too little to expreſſe her joy,
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy*;
Yet ere he can attaine his native coaſt,
Æneas-like he muſt be tyr'd and toſt
With ſtorms, till meat and water wax'd ſo ſcant,
That *Iones* drank nought but piſſe one week for want.

At

At laſt when they had caſt out all their goods,
(To ſave themſelves) into the furious flouds,
The ſhip all bruis'd with ſands, and ſtormes, and ſtones
At *Ipſwich* doth disburthen the ſea of *Jones*.
England ſalutes him with the generall joyes
Of Court and Countrey, Knights, Squires, fools, & boys
In every towne rejoyce at his arrivall,
The townſmen where he comes their wives do ſwive all
And bid them thinke on *Jones* amidſt this glee,
In hope to get ſuch roaring boyes as he:
Others this joy, into a fury rapt
To ſing his praiſe, though elegant and apt;
Yet mixt with fixions, which he ſcornes. 'Tis knowne
Jones fancies no additions but his owne;
Nor need we ſtir our braines for glorious ſtuffe
To paint his praiſe, himſelfe hath done enough,
And hath preſcrib'd that I ſhould write no more
Then his good memory hath kept in ſtore
Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
Doe more, but hides it like a modeſt man.
His Brittiſh expedition makes me hie
From his vagary to his Chivalry.
This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,
Great Kēper Caſtle guards on Morligs mouth; *His raiſing of the ſiege of Kemper Caſtle.*
Which key of Brittaine (like great Brittaines (Dover)
Was wel nigh loſt by ſiege til *Jones* went over,
To dye or raiſe it; 'Twas begirt by land
With fifteen thouſand. Foure tall ſhips withſtand
All ſuccours from the ſea: Againſt this force

He

He goes as boldly as an eyeleſſe horſe,
With one ſmall Bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And ſave a hundred men was with him not one:
But theſe were Welſh blades, born for hacks & hewing,
And car'd not what they did ſo they were doing.
Thus like ſome tempeſts theſe foure ſhips he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whilſt his powder lightens,
And from his broad ſide poures a ſhowre of haile,
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, maſts, & ſail.
Their ſhot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnace, which beares up ſo nigh
And playes ſo hot, that her opponents thinke
Some Devill is grand Captaine of the Pinke.
One Engliſh Pirat with them, whilſt he watches
His time to ſhoot, ſpies *Jones* upon the hatches
And cryes out, Ho, hoiſe Canvas all at once,
And fly, or yield; Zounds it is *Captaine Jones:*
The man ſwore reaſon, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard;
They fly, he followes, but a partiall winde
And wings of feare ſav'd them, left him behinde.
To Kemper he returnes him, and ſupplies it
With fifty men, and victualls to ſuffice it
Six moneths: The foes by land loſe hope and heart
To oppoſe this new ſupply, and ſo depart:
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Jones reſcued Kemper, and the Dukedome ſaved.
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,

Wooes

Wooes him to be Vicegenerall of his fleet ;
Which *Iones* vouchsaft, because he was to meet
Men like himselfe, the doughty Dons of Spain,
Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gaine.
And better fate in this designe he wisht not,
Thē to cope single wth their great *Don Quixot.*
Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more,
Here *Iones* his Mistris Fortune plaid the whore.
Yet, whilst thou loath'd her lightnesse to rehearse,
Let indignation make thee chide in verse ;
Ah deity ! and blindly to go on so
From thy deare minion *Iones*, to *Iohn D'Alonso*,
Whose out and inside is no better mettle
Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
And tak'st thou him for *Iones ?* that glorious boy,
Whom Venus self would kisse (were Mars away.)
Well fickle goddesse, if thou be divine,
I'le sweare, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.
Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Westerne maine,
And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine :
Iones led the front (as twas his custome still)
The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill :
His ship went swiftest too, as did his minde
On honors wings : But (oh) an envious winde
Fild all his saile, and wrapt him in a mist
From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
And thus he lost his traine, and cast about,
And beat these Seas five dayes to find them out,
Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don Iohn D. Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

He is made Vice Gen. under G. of Cūberland & fought against the Spanish Fleet.

This

This Generall bid amaine, and *Iones* defi'd
From Canons mouth. The Don againe repli'd
With foute for one. Ah *Iones*, had I my wish,
Some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
To escape this dire assault; thou shouldst not then
Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.
Nine thousand souldiers was the force that fought
This day with *Iones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
The stouteſt boats to make a bold Bravado
That were in Spaines invincible Armado:
Iones first commands his men to take their victuall,
He souldier-like dranke much, and prayd a little;
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
By this the gallyes had inclos'd him round,
And sought to board him; but they quickly found
The ship too hot to grapple with soſoon,
And so bore off againe, and paid her roome.
Then each by turne presents her the broad side,
Which she repaid with intreſt, and so ply'd,
That where her bullets pierce, whole streames of blood
Spout through the gallyes ribs, and dye the flood;
The foes disdaine thus long to stand in fight
Gainſt one, and so preſſe on with all their might:
And now the storme grew hot, and deep in blood,
Mad rage had got the place where reason stood:
Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers eares,
From hearing cryes and groanes; and fury reares
This fatall combate to so strange a height,
That higher powers expreſſe th'effects of fright.

Great

Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and pil
The windes fell downe, and Titan lurkt in miſt.
Then belch huge bullets forth, ſmoak, fire, & thunder
Their fury ſtrikes the gods with feare and wonder.
One gally which two hundred ſlaves did row,
Affront the ſhip in hope to buldge her prow.
Iones gave her leave; but when ſhe once came nigh,
One burſt his murdering ſhot; here doom'd to dye
Downe dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
Don Diego de Cordona and Gonzago.
Stones, chaines, and bullets tare their paſſage out
Through men and galley, which ſoon tackt about
In hope to get aloofe; but *Iones* ſent after
Two lucky ſhots, which light twixt wind and water.
" In crept the quaking billow, where he ſpide
" Thoſe holes, in hope its fearefull head to hide;
" The galley like afeard, worſe hurt, doth creep
" Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
" And ſo ſhe ſanke. Thus Diego whilſt he try'd
His force with *Iones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
Now *Iones* all breathleſſe ſat to take his breath
Upon a But of ſack, and drank the death
Of *Don Iohn* de *Alonſo*, which his men
Pledge in a rowſe, and ſo they fight agen.
Nineſcore there were, but threeſcore now remaine
To doe or ſuffer, for the reſt were ſlaine.
The Spaniſh force diſtract twixt hope and feare,
Yet by their fellowes fall forewarnd, forbeare
This hot aſſault, keep diſtance, and at *Iones*
Let fly their ſhot at randome all at once,

Som

Some halfe a Cable short and some flew ore
The top saile, some the sterne and rudder tore:
One, all the rest in fatall fury past,
And all to shivers rove the master mast,
Downe fell the tackle, and the vessell lay
An English prison and a Spanish prey.
Starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow
They all let drive and rak'd her through and through.
All now but *Iones* and one man more were kill'd,
Who cry'd, *Now fight and die or live and yield.*
Iones kil'd the first, the latter he besought him
Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him
Begging for life, a bullet tooke away
His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray;
Out flew the head and bullet both at once
Between the manly thighes of Captaine *Iones*;
Who lookt behinde him, art thou gone (quoth he)
Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.
Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd;
Which to prevent * Kil-za-dog forth he drew,
And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato slew.
And when victorious Brutus could not stand,
He fell, but by his owne victorious hand.
Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit,
Thy fortune and selfe-death I will inherit.
Thus said, his sword unto his side he plyes,
Which his good Genius stays & thus replyes;
Hold *Iones*, reserv'd for thy Countries good,
Born to shed hostil, not thy home-bred blood,

* *This sword he won from the great and scarefull Gyant Nereapeony.*

His genius debarres him from self-murder.

And

And know that self death is the Cowards curse,
For, he that dyes so, dyes for feare of worse;
The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.
I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate;
This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart
Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
Teach them to manage armes, and how they must
Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt in rust.
Now *Ionas* vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself
But for his Countries good and Common wealth,
His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
And he ascends the hatches all in fume.
The Musketiers ambitiously desire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire:
Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,
His velvet Jerkin, and his sattin hose,
(The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath
Feareless and harmless in the jawes of death.
The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
And so forbore to shoot, drew neere and sought
To take the prey, which they so deare had bought.
Then *Ionas* all raging throwes into the maine
That sword which men and wolves & beares had slain,
That sword which erst had drunke the blood of Kings
Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
The Ocean thirld for feare, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.

The

Then from the ſhip he leaps amongſt his foes,
And ſo undaunted to *Don Iohn* he goes,
Who bid him Live, *Don*-like, but gave him breath,
Onely to breath in greater paines then death.
This ſhock had ſent to Styx ſix thouſand men,
Whoſe ſoules *Don Iohn* to ſatisfie againe
Inflicts more ſervile puniſhments on *Jones*,
Then countervails ſix thouſand deaths at once.
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks
Ape-like, barefoot with neither ſhoos nor ſocks.
Haire ſhirt, blew bonnet, made a ſervile knave,
A lowſie, duſty, nafty galley ſlave.
At laſt he brings *Jones* to the Spaniſh King,
And ſayes: Great Monarch, ſee this pretious thing;
Six thouſand of your braveſt men he coſt,
Who to gain him alive, their lives have loſt,
Nor think the bargain deare, for here's a man
Can doe & ſay more then your Viceroyes can.
This praiſe was given him by the crafty *Don*,
For feare his loſſe ſeem'd more then what he won;
And ſo it did indeed, for *Phillip* thought
Jones inſide by his outſide dearely bought.
To try he askes him, whither bound, and whence
He was, and *Jones* replies with little ſenſe,
VVhether through feare or faining, he affords
To all the King demands, not three wiſe words.
To try him further, in a Jaile they caſt him,
VVhich ſerv'd for nothing but to ſtink & faſt (in.
And here it was his deſtiny to light
Upon a learned Prieſt, a Jeſuite:

How he was uſed being taken captive.

He is preſented to the Spaniſh King.

He is caſt in priſon.

VVith

With him falls *Iones* to work. The sacred word
His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword. *He disputed there with a Papist about Purgatory.*
Their question was of purgatory, where,
And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here
(Quoth *Iones.*) For he half tir'd with paines (would needs
Go straight to heaven: And thus the question breeds
Iones was no Schoolman, yet he bore a braine
Which nere forgot what ere it could containe.
Yet this old Priest so wrests the letters sense,
Equivocates, denies plaine consequence,
Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
That *Iones* chief ward was to deny conclusions:
But, doe this subtill Schoolman what he can,
Such was the vigour of this martiall man,
Though he was no good disputant or Text-man
Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton;
Yet truth, with confidence and his strong fist
Doth first convince, and then convert the Priest.
Some talke of *Garnets* straw and *Lipsius* lasses.
VVhose miracles made many Artists asses;
But here's a miracle transcends them all,
An Artist made wise by a Naturall.
Now Englands Court rings all of *Iones* his (fetters, *Order taken in England for his ransome.*
And men of rank were soon sent ore with let- (ters,
To ransome him for gold, or man for man,
On any termes. The King with many a Don
Consults upon this point: One thought it fit

To

To deale upon exchange; ſome better wit
Thought it more fit to keep this ſecond Drak,
For ſo he term'd him wiſely, and thus ſpake;
Armies are Englands arme, Captains the hand
Of this ſtrong arme that rules by ſea & land:
And of this arme and hand I thinke in ſumme,
This captive Captaine is the very thumb.
This ſpeech was ſhort and ſound, but could not goe ſo
VVithout th'oppoſing of old Don Mendozo;
VVho lov'd and favour'd *Iones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it ſeemes had wrought ſome ſympathy)
Pardon (quoth he) (dread Soveraign) are we come
To talke of armes and hands and Captaine Thumb?
From Eaſt to VVeſt our Arms and armies raigne,
And feare we now for one to re-obtaine
So many Viceroyes in the Iſle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almoſt life depriv'd;
VVere Drake's and Candiſh ſpirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queen did prize one Captaine more
Than Spaines great Monarch did his twenty foure.

The point of his ranſome debated in Sp.

His ſpeech prevail'd, and ſo they all attone,
And twenty foure were askt and given for one;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what twas to yeild.
And thus was *Iones* diſmiſt; yet ere he goe
The King, to grace him, made him kiſſe his toe.
Long maiſt thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'ſt old, wax young:

Then wilt thou live in ſpight of time, and be
Times ſubject, and time thine t'imblazon thee.
Pardon my forward Muſe, ſtriving to ſoare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;
For, who can ſpeak thee all (thou mighty man?)
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.
Thy Iriſh warres, thy taking great *Tyrone*,
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee (alone,
Thy ſeverall ſingle duels with fiece men
And Bears, all ſlain; and that dry journy when
Thou drank'ſt but what thou piſt for thrice ſeven daies,
Which made thee dry ere ſince; then th' amorous waies
The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.
Thy London widdow next in love halfe drown'd,
Which thou refus'dſt with forty thouſand pound:
Thy daunting Eſſex in his raſh bravado,
Raleigh's hard ſcaping of thy baſtinado:
Laſtly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, hadſt thou had the learning to ſuffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able
To ſit in Councell at her highneſſe Stable.
Theſe trophees of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile braine for time in ſtore,
I leave unſung, and wiſh they may be writ
In golden lines by ſome more happy wit,
Whoſe Genius, till ſome fury doth inſpire,
Let me ſit downe in ſilence, and admire.

A touch of ſome other deeds of chivalry by him performed.

THE END.

A copious commendation of a *Red Nose.*

LEt him that undertook to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a dayes
Commodious:
I say, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,
Nor odious.
Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, an
Rubies about his nose, none can
Deny it.
And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny
To buy it.
Some have their clothes sold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather than good sherry Sack
And Claret:
And they swear (& swear truth) that those
Which drink small beer, & wear good clothes
Do offer wrong unto their nose,
And marre it.
If in Romes Senate long-nos'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then
Why these should not be praised, when
All men know

A fiery face nere is without
A rich nose: and how farre a snowt
Thats rich exceeds a long to doubt
Or call men to
Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expostulate
And judge it:
And if judge truly hee'l confesse,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wise, I guesse.
No man that hath true worthinesse
Will grutch it.
Besides, the world knowes this that we
Affirme those gracious that we see
But blush, and call it modesty.
In people.
A rich face alwayes blushes, so
It doth all faces else out go
As farre as S. Faiths is below
Pauls steeple.
He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment shewes himselfe a boy,
And heedlesse.
Nor will I spend more words to show
What commendation men do ow
To Captaine Iones his face you know
Tis needlesse.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF Captaine JONES:

CONTINUED

From his first part to his end:

WHEREIN IS DELIVERED

His incredible adventures and atchievements by sea and land.

Particularly,

His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea by the support of a Dolphin.

His severall desperate duels.

His combate with *Bahader Cham* a gyant of the race of *Og*.

His loves.

His deep imployments and happy successe in businesse of State.

All which, and more, is but the title of his owne relation, which he continued untill he grew speechlesse, and died.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. *Dunstans* Church-yard Fleet-street 1656.

To the READER.

READER, read on: here you may happ'ly meet
Newes, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in (your street.
Jones is reviv'd; nere start: the danger's past;
What he hath done long since, now makes him last.
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath: then (pray) believe
What here you'l find: thus by your faith hee'l live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile
To be surmounted: down-right were his blowes;
Down-right his speech; down-right to's grave he (goes.
Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

THE LEGEND OF Captaine *JONES.*

Continued from his first Part to his end.

WIll nothing pleaſe the taſte of theſe rough (times
But Rue and Wormwood ſtuft in Proſe or Rimes?
No Verſe to make our Poets Laureate
But ſmart Iambicks laſhing King or State?
Muſt all turne Mercuries, theſe times to fit
By poyſoning Fame with their quick-ſilver wit?
That name that's got by ſome notorious ill,
And merits Gives, is hateſull to our quill.
But if the laſt brave acts of Captaine *Jones*
Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our ſtage.

Ye

Yet know we ſtill are ty'd to our low ſtrein,
We muſt not once tranſcend his down-right vein.
And if you meet ought ſavouring of a lye,
(Reader believe't) 'tis *Iones* that ſpeaks, not I.
We left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought,
Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat,
Cõpar'd to him, though each had had cõmand
Over great Armies, preſt for ſea and land.
Here ſee him ſhipt for his dear native coaſt;
Where ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the roaſt
With new found foes, who attempt his force to ſhake;
But ſleeping Lions 'tis not wiſe to wake.

24. *Spaniſh commanders given in exchange for him.*

Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves inlarge,
Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
And weighty convoy of this mighty man
To whence he came; but ere the ſhip had ran
Ten glaſſes out, comes Boreas with a cloud
As black as ink; the ſteeres-man cries aloud
Down with the top-ſaile, keep the ſprit-ſaile tight,
Haile the main bowling. Whilſt this mask of light
Uſher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep
High as her ſelf in ridges, and as ſteep
As *Cair*'s tall Pyramids: the labouring ſhip
Like a chaf'd Bear with Maſtives, ſtrives to keep
Her beak aloft; ſome billowes ſhe breaks throw,
Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Iones heard this ſtir unmov'd: from *Neptune* ſtill
He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
Thus whilſt the carefull ſea-men work and pray,
He careleſs, to his cabbin calls his boy, And

And makes him read to him the ancient ſtories
Of our old Engliſh Worthies, and their glories;
How our S. *George* did the fell Dragon gore:
The like atchievement of Sir *Eglemore*:
Topas hard queſt after th'elf-queen to *Barwick*: *Sir Topas rime in Chaucer.*
S. *Bevis* cow, & *Guy*'s fierce boar of *Warwick*,
Theſe ſtories read, exalt his haughty minde
Above the ſervile feare of ſea or wind,
The ſhips hard ſtate grew now from ill to worſe:
Between two hideous ſeas acroſſe her courſe,
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main maſt break.
Shook with this ſhock, ſhe ſprings a dangerous leak:
Which her ſlye foe ſoon findes, and to begin
Like a dire dropſie, drenches all within.
Thus whilſt a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own deſtructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.
Here might be ſeen the ſad effects of feare
Which ſeverall wayes in ſeverall men appeare:
Some cry'd, ſome pray'd, whilſt others ſweare or rave,
To leave the land to make the ſea their grave.
Iones ſwoln with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the ſea, aſcends and *Neptune* cites
To ſingle combate: when a boiſterous wave
Which *Neptune* ſent to make him *Neptunes* ſlave,
Whurles him a cables length to ſea, the ſhip
Sinks with the reſt, who give this world the ſlip.
Well now Sir *Iones* 'tis time to ſhew your skill;
You muſt ſwim ſtoutly for't, or drink your fill.

No

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n ſpirit.
As a grim * ſea-calfe ſtill preſaging ſtorms
Wallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms:
Juſt ſuch is *Jones*: as if he had been bred
With her finn'd frie within her watrie bed.
No ſhip for help, no land for hope appeares;
Horror of billowes roaring in his eares.
Nothing ſupports but confidence alone, as
If ſome preſt Whale muſt take up *Jones* like *Jonas*.
At laſt (alaſſe!) he findes he is no fiſh,
His ſpirit 'gins to leave his treacherous fleſh.
Continuall laboring makes his limbs waxe ſtark
And ſtiffe with cold, his optick ſenſe growes dark,
Neptune inſults, and brandiſhing his mace
Makes his rude billowes daſh him ore the face.
Now ſee the fate of noble reſolution,
When *Ionet* thought nothing but of diſſolution,
Man's conſtant friend a gentle Dolphin glides
Between his thighes, on whom he mounts and rides
In poſt with mighty ſpeed, through wind and weather;
So his kind fiſh holds out he cares not whither;
Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets
From ridge to ridge; 'twas ſtrange, how faſt he ſits
In this rough road; but *Ionet* learn'd from his cradle
To ride without a ſtirrop or a ſadle
When on the mountains tops wilde mares he ſpide,
He ſuckt them dry, and then ſtraight up and ride.

* *Allway portending ſtormes when they are ſeen to play.*

The Dolphin is alwayes obſerv'd to be a lover of man.

At

At laſt at this high ſpeed he gets the ſight
Of land, ſo neere, hee's ready to alight,
When his kind fiſh much griev'd to leave the burthen
She lov'd ſo well, to ſea again doth turn
With mighty ſpeed, ſtill *Iones* doth her beſtride
Beleeving now he ſhould toth'India's ride.
Faine would he turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridles want till now:
At laſt the faithfull fiſh preferring higher
Her riders ſafetie then her own deſire,
She turnes her courſe about with happy haſt,
And ſo our errant Knight on land ſhe caſt.
Some Spaniſh writers flatly do deny
He ſuffered wrack, and plainly term't a lye:
They ſay the ſhip that led this dangerous dance
Was built by Lewis King Henry's ſonne of France,
And took that name from him, who beares (that name
As eldeſt ſonne, who ſtill is ſtyl'd the ſame:
They write *Iones* got this ground t'augment his glory
And cheat the world with this ſtupendious (ſtory;

The eldeſt ſon of the King of France alwaies ſtil'd the Dolphin.

But let the reader judge if this be true,
And know pale envy ſtill doth worth purſue.
Well now to *Iones* againe, we may conceave
He was not ill apaid to take his leave
Of this rough element: nor did account it
Much worſe to goe on foot, then ride ſo mounted.
'Tis true, he road this lofty fiſh in ſtate,

But 'twas too neer the boisterous fit of fate,
He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheele, though fickle,
Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;
Or that his manly limbs should be a feast
For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.
His next work is to finde some habitation,
Though he came safely there, 'twas in mean fashion,
The self-same clothes which when *Alonso* brav'd him,
He made him wear, and to the gally slav'd him.
And though this last foul storm had little harm'd him,
It seem'd to some strãge thing to have transform'd him
Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred locks, *Nebuchad nezzer.*
Like *Babels* King, when turn'd into an Oxe:
For a fresh-water souldier none could doubt him,
The seas salt teares ran trickling round about him.
In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,
And coasts the maine with many a weary stand.
At last he spies a house, not great, but good:
For here he finds a brother of his brood,
VVho had adventur'd in those wayes before,
And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it ore.
He quickly finds that *Iones* had scap'd some wrack;
Experience, charity, and pity spake
On this behalfe; the good man bids him in,
And with *Y'are kindly welcome* doth begin.
He spak't in Dutch, which gladded *Iones*, for he †*The sam*
Could speak't aswel as † *Grace dw worth awhee.* *in Welsh*
VVhich language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him
VVhen Greenfield to America had brought him.
By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Iones*:

Drye

Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's set with homely wholesome cheare,
And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat then faire,
But wondrous free, and there to debonaire.
Which mades *Iones* aske what Country 'twas that gave
This noble welcome to her humble slave?
He's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States
Brave seat of warre, where many broken pates
Are got and given, and for his wants supply
The good strong towne of Flushing stood fast by,
Where Sir *John Norrice* did command in chiefe
For England's glory and the States reliefe.
This tickled *Iones* with joy; for Horace Vere,
Norrice, and he had been (I know not where)
Comrades in armes, ere *Iones* did entertain
That crosse designe with Cumberland for Spaine.
But now a bed does well, to take some rest
Where this good host directs his weary guest?
And having slept his fill, he timely rose,
Takes a most thankfull leave, and on he goes.
His purpose is to take his passage over
At the next Port he finds: from thence to Dover.
But first at Flushing he resolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave Norrice holds his troop; Here *Iones* arrives,
Just as he came from Jaile, except his Gives,
Clad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,
His cap true blew; no company, but they
That will not leave him whilst he hath a ragge. *Lowsie.*

Such

Such as poſſeſſe the Begger with his bagge.
Winds, ſtorms, nor ſeas, nor ought that could undo him,
Could make them flinch, like friends they ſtick cloſe to (him.

And thus accompanied he doth approach
Toth' Generalls houſe, neither with ſteed nor coach;
But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time
When Norrice with his Chiefes were ſet to dine.
Iones preſſeth to the Parler from the Hall,
And there accoaſts the noble Generall.
Who ey'd him quickly, and cryes out (ô fate!
Live I to ſee the ſtrength of England's State?
Breath'ſt thou brave man at armes? *Iones* art thou he?
Or is it Mars himſelfe diſguiſ'd like thee?
Quoth *Iones*, The ſcourge of Spaniards and of Spaine
Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their paine,
Stands here; and yet would breath ſome few yeare (longer
To prove King Philip or my ſelf the ſtronger.
The reſt was deare imbraces, and his place
By Norrice ſide; and then a haſty grace.
Now might I dwell upon the luſcious cheare,
Which here grew cold, whil'ſt each mans eye and ear
Fed on the perſon and diſcourſe of *Iones*,
And quite forgot their toaſts and marrow bones.
And whilſt his ſtrange adventures paſt, he tels;
The Captaines, Serjant Majors, Collonels
Faſt to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
Here mark his conſtancy, beyond theſe men,
He eats and talkes, and eats and talkes agen.

Their

Their mawes are cloy'd to heare thoſe deeds of his,
His ſtories are his meales Parentheſis.
But when he ſpoke of Spaine, 'tis paſt beliefe,
What fearefull wounds he gave the chine of beefe.
A capon garniſh'd wich ſlic'd lemmons ſtood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
And made it legleſſe ere he made a pauſe,
Meerly in malice to the Spaniſh ſawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every diſh that's nigh him,
And ſpoil'd a cuſtard that ſtood trembling by him;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty diſh,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fiſh.
At laſt his fury 'gan to be aſſwag'd,
And then the Generall all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowſe
Of luſty Rheniſh, till both men and houſe
Turne round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To worke his fall, with hideous ſeas and wind:
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to taske;
And layes ſore to him with his potent caske.
And whilſt with luſty grape ore-born *Iones* reeles,
H'aſſaults his head, and ſo trips up his heeles.
But up he roſe againe with vigour ſtout,
And ſweares though foil'd, hee'l try an other bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonell Skink
Fills a huge bowl of ſherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Iones* is he
Muſt take't in pledge; and ſo he did: but ſee
The ſtrange antipathy between this man
And Spaniſh grape as well as Spaniſh Don.

Againſt them both his ſtomach fierce doth riſe,
No ſooner drunk but up again it flies.
This odde diſtemper made him half aſham'd,
But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd,
Nor was he pleas'd with Skink of this affront,
(For ſo he took't) he knew Skink could not want
The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in Sack,
Unleſſe it were to lay him on his back?
Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff-coat,
Then grapples cloſe; and had pluckt out his throat,
But that the wary General interpoſes
His hands and friends between their bloody noſes:
And with ſtrong reaſons, ſmiles, and ſmooth aallyes,
He damps the fury of theſe fiery boyes,
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
The night diſpers'd them now to ſeverall wayes,
As they were quarter'd. *Iones* with *Norrice* ſtayes,
Who ſent him the next morn a brave rich ſuit,
Intended for himſelf, with all things to't.
Scant was he dreſs'd, when Skink unto him ſends
A Captain, boldly to demand amends
For laſt nights work, and *Iones* to do him right,
A bullet muſt exchange in ſingle fight.
For which himſelf and Second would not miſſe,
Where *Iones* deſign'd to meet with him and his.
This *Iones* accepts, and ſweares before that night
He ſhall heare from him, how and where he'l fight.
He thus diſpatcht, Sir Roger Williams enters,
To whom much kind diſcourſe paſt ore; he venters

To tell his difference with Skink: which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himselfe his Second, hasts to Skink,
Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink:
That *Iones* and he at the South-postern gate
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistoll hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or *Iones* and he.
Then comes to *Iones*, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that sword and belt
Which Prince Llwellin wore, when slain neer (Bealt.
The hour come, these champions soon appear,
They spend no time in words; in full career,
Iones charges bravely close up to his brest,
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the best:
Makes him through haste forget to prime his (pan,
So mist his shot, and so preserv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His pistoll at his face; 'twas aim'd so neare,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his eare.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the blow of *Iones* his saddle,
And slightly circumcis'd his foremans noddle,
The Seconds stood attending the event
Of this first charge, both resoluetly bent,
If either in th'incounter had been sped,
To run the same adventure they both did.

The Prince of South-Wales, Who was slain neare Bealt, a town in Brecknock-shire.

But when they saw the bravery of their fight,
Both having lost their blood, the quarrel slight:
They both detest such men should be destroy'd,
By which their countrey should be sore annoy'd:
With joynt consent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight:
Thus got between them, all best meanes they use
To take it up: which both inrag'd refuse.
They urge the equall termes on which they stood,
In point of honour: both had lost their blood,
Both fought it well; how light their quarrels ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,
Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they doe.
Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And mischeifs engin rests: they sheath the sword.
And thus (in few this dangerous duell ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends:
Their Surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Iones* his nether head.
This newes comes quickly to the Generals ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of feare,
He gently chides them that they would expose
Their limbs unto the various chance of blowes
In single duell, when the common good
No longer stands then such good members stood.
Ten dayes are spent ere *Iones* could stand upright,
Through his slight hurt: which come, the noble
(Knight

Brave

Brave *Norrice* he takes leave of, with the reſt
Of that brave martiall crew, and then addreſt
Himſelf for *England*: Joy thou happy Iſle,
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quoile;
Ye bluſtering boyes of Britain feaſt and quaff all:
The man's at hand whoſe preſence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great ſon of Mavors,
So ſpake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horſe,
Mounted to meet him with his reverent train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After ſome ſhort repaſt, on poſt he rides
To Non-ſuch, where her Majeſty reſides,
Where he was ſoon brought up to kiſſe her hand,
By his dear friend *George* Earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What newes of moment, what intelligence,
What Spaniſh plots, what myſteries of ſtate,
Unto her Majeſty he did relate,
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not ſhow it.
But 'twas obſerv'd he gave a written book
Unto her hand: on which ſhe daign'd to look,
And ſeem'd to ſlight it in the publique face
Of Court; yet made ſome uſe of 't in a place
That's privy, ſo diſmiſt him to his reſt,
Or her Courts welcome; as to him ſeem'd beſt.
'Twas now the time when * *Eſſex* was in- * Robert (gag'd *Earle of*
In Ireland 'gainſt *Tyrone*, with whom he *Eſſex.* (wag'd

A bloody warre: which to the Queen and ſtate
Seem'd long and coſtly: after much debate
It is reſolv'd to pick out ſuch a man,
Whoſe active force and ſpirit dares and can
Put a full period to this warre at once,
Without delay, and this was Captain *Iones*,
On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain
To get ſome ſmall command to conquer Spain.
'Tis firſt reſolv'd he muſt reduce Tyrone,
Till that be done he muſt let Spain alone.
Thus his Commiſſion's ſeald to raiſe his force,
A compleat regiment of Britiſh horſe:
He's thence to waft them ore the Iriſh brine;
And then his force with noble Eſſex joyn.
Iones loſt no time, goes in five dayes to Wales:
Shewes his commiſſion, tells them glorious tales;
He need not beat a drum, nor ſound his trumpet,
His name's enough to make theſe Britons jump at
This brave employment under ſuch a Chief,
Whoſe fame's reſerve enough for their relief.
Perplext he was in chooſing his commanders,
For he ſtill fancied beſt his old Highlanders;
But many worthies of the lower parts,
Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
But all reſpects put by, h' inliſteth ten
Of his old gang, all hard bred mountain-men
For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reeſe,
And Tom Dee *Baegh*, a fierce Rat at green cheeſe,

Lle

Llewelling Reese ap David, Watkin Jenkin,
With Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
These for his guard, his Officers in chief,
Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,
With Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
Well known for plundering many cow and nag,
Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
Whose word in's colors was, *TE ROGUES have at ye.*
Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin,
Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VVilliam,
With many more whose names twere long to write,
The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
We must conceive they all were men of fame
For here we see them all men of great name.
Iones with these blades advanceth to the*dale
There lines himself and them with noble Ale
Of such antiquity as hath not been there
The like since * Robert of the Vale was seen (there
VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit,
To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit.
His forces slipt, at last a board he goes,
A lusty South-east gale so fairely blowes
That forty houres easily brought him in
To Dubline Harber where he lands his men,
There getting knowledg where the Army lay,
To the Lord Generall he takes his way
From whom a noble welcome he receives,
And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.

* *A little village by Milford.*

* *An old Welch Prophet, who foresold the landing of Henry the seventh there.*

Iones firſt informs himſelfe in what condition
Tyron's made up for warr, what ammunition,
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victualled, all occaſion he doth catch
To take him tripping; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take an equall ground,
To hazard battell, he reſolves to try him
In ſuch a way as he ſhould not deny him,
Unleſſe with loſſe of honour; he indites
This fearefull challenge which his ſquire writes:
Falſe traitor to thy country and thy Queen,
I he who yet my peer have never ſeen
In feats of armes, whoſe martiall hand hath ſlain
Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain:
Done more than I can write; I ſay, I he
Urge thee to ſingle duel: and to thee
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horſe-back: think it no diſgrace,
That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
Call thee to queſtion, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by ſuch a one,
T'augment my praiſe I wiſh thee five times ſtronger.
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
This done, a Herauld is ſtrait charged with it,
In publique to Tyron's own hand to give it,
Who to him haſts, and in the publique view
Of all his Army ſayes, (Tyrone) to you
I have command to bring from Captain *Iones*
This challenge; read it, and reſolve at once.

He

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,
That ſends him this high Brave, who if he can
But half he writes, he counts himſelf but loſt,
To meet him; yet in ſight of all his hoſt;
This Brave was giv'n him: thus his honour lyes
At ſtake, and therefore deſperately replyes.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blowes, he ſhall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with ſhot,
Nor head ſteel'd dart: this ſword I weare ſhall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horſe, but foot to foot.
He thus diſpatcht, Tyrone doth ſtraight ſeek out,
Brain Mac-kill-cow a ſtrong ſturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone ſo mighty,
He felt no burden were it nere ſo weighty.
The ſtrongeſt man in all his camp by half.
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf,
Bred in the Iriſh wildes 'mongſt bogs and woods,
And like an outlaw liv'd on others goods.
And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To perſonate himſelf in fight betwixt
Him and our *Iones*, true armes of largeſt ſize,
He donnes on him, then to his loynes he tyes
Morglay his truſty ſword, then ſweares devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him ſtoutly;
He'l raiſe his meanes above two Engliſh Barons
In lands and ſheep and cowes and luſty garrons:
Bryan's all confidence and haſtens thither
Where *Iones* and he muſt try their force together,

The

The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,
No traversing of ground, no boyes-play there,
The rest was bog, ore which some planks were laid
To passe them ore; and then to stop all aid,
Were took from thence: here *Iones* our valiant fighter
Advanceth first: Bryan with his fell smiter
Is hard at hand, they spare no time for words,
Their mettle is the whetstone of their swords.
They clap together like two sons of thunder, (under
Their blades struck lightning, whilst the earth quak'd
The burthen she bore; no stroke that's given, but death
Seemes to attend it, till both out of breath
Consent to make a stand, but this short rest
Was like a sallet with a muttons brest
To their sharp stomacks, to't they go again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own blood,
To find their flesh in whose defence they stood,
Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt off
As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At last, as I have seen a man of war
Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
In bulk and strength: so *Iones* deales now with Bryan,
With shuns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lion.
For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout
Doth so belabour *Iones* from head to foot,
That both his eares doe oft with sorrow sing,
And's eyes see starres at noon (a wondrous thing)
We must conceive those furious blowes he dealt,
Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt.

But

But *Iones* eſteeming it an equal thing
To be ſelf-conquer'd, and long conquering,
Reſolves to put the buſineſſe out of doubt
With one Paſſe more, which was the fatall bout.
On this Reſolve, with both his hands he preſt
The pummel of his ſword againſt his breſt,
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts ſwiftly at him:
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him.
That 'twas a bog behinde, ſo backward ſprings,
And his whole body up to th' arm-pits flings,
Amidſt the bog. *Iones* driven with his own force,
Miſſing his thruſt falls headlong in the gorſe,
But pitcht upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which ore-born, our *Iones* ſo mawles his pate,
That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,
Of being the anvill of our *Iones* his anger:
And now the day is his, his ſtrength he ſtraines
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryans brains:
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yeild
My ſelf and ſword, the honour of the field.
And where the power reſts, 'tis much bettet far
To give then take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of *Iones*,
He ſpares his life and drawes him forth at once.
Beſides he ſcorn'd poſterity ſhould tell,
That by his hand Tyrone ſo nobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought)
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:
Preſents him to the General, and then ſpake,
Sir if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

Command,

Command, Ile do't; here see him hither led
By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.
The joy was great, but short; 'twas quickly known,
This was but some impostor for Tyrone:
And this an Irish Captive at first view
Made known, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualme in some, whil'st others smil'd
To see their British Champions so beguil'd,
And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaneer.
Iones vext with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, desperate, male content.
Three dayes thus spent, his wrath no longer beares
This base affront; (like Scævola,) he sweares *Scævola against Porsenna in Livie.*
Hee'l kill Tyrone in midst of all his force,
Though in the act himself be made a coarce:
In this wild mood by night he doth convey
Himself, where he suppos'd the Rebell lay:
Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before, (more
March'd farre through desart woods, and would no
Of these affronts; which to put off agen
Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
Two dayes *Iones* spends in quests to finde him out;
At last he was encountred with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
Assail'd the back and face of manly *Iones*.
'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs
Had been so bold to shake him by the logs:
But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.

The

The firſt good blow he dealt took off a head,
The ſecond made one two: the next he ſped,
With a ſore thruſt at mouth, and out at taile:
A fourth which his poſteriors doth aſſaile,
With his ſtrong heel he hurles againſt a tree
Twelve paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
His ſword rips out anothers empty paunch;
The next limps off from him with half a haunch.
We muſt conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
For here were thoſe that fought to eat, not rout him.
Nor ſcap'd he free, the rich ſword skarf he wore
About his loynes, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluckt off by bits, ſome fleſh to boot,
No quarter free from skarres from head to foot.
And (to conclude) from theſe wilde Iriſh (witches
He ſcapes ſcant with a hands breadth of his (breeches.
Wearied with blowes and kicks, at laſt they (fly him,
And take a ſnarling leave as they go by him.
Thus *Iones* half worried, haſts unto the camp:
There's none could ſay the clothes he wore were (damp
With night perdues, unleſſe they meant to flout him;
For (to ſpeak truth) he had no clothes about him.
Thus come, he ſweares by the immortall powers,
He had maintain'd a battel full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
Routed the reſt; who all had took the field

Lupambros, Witches that take ſhapes of Wolves upon them in Ireland.

'Gainſt

'Gainſt him alone; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his deſtruction, or t'eclipſe his might,
By that old timerous treacherous kern Tyrone,
Who durſt as well meet death as him alone.
The plight our *Iones* appear'd in, made none doubt
But he had had at leaſt a deviliſh bout,
If not with Devils; on him each man ſeeth
The fearfull character of nailes and teeth.
We may not ſtand to ſhew what Eſſex's ſenſe
Was on theſe actions, nor the conſequence
They did import: the progreſſe of this ſtory,
Haſtens our muſe to *Iones* his farther glory.
Fame theſe atchievements brings to Englands State;
Which held the Queen and Councel in debate
About this man; and all at laſt ſuppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expos'd
To the cloſe dangerous plots of ſuch a foe,
Who neither values faith nor honour, ſo
His miſchiefs take ſucceſſe: and thus the State
Loſe this dear Limbe, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into *Iones* his ſpirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
Hold it not ſafe he ſhould be open to
The windy baits of that ſo ſubtile foe,
To gain him to his part; whoſe haughty mind
Would ſoon take fire; then could not be confin'd.
And if by ſuch a plot they ſhould be croſt,
They all conclude that Kingdome were but loſt.
Theſe grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there; ſo on ſome grand deſign

Pre-

Pretended they invite his quick repaire
To Englands Court to act this great affaire.
Heco mes, but leaves his Britiſh troops to fight
Tyrone to death; whoſe acts who pleaſe to write,
May meet with ſubjects brave to rant upon,
But for my ſelf I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus tranſported from the Iriſh ſtrands,
At Aberuſt with a Welch Port he lands; *A Towne and Port in the County of Cardigan.*
Where ere two dayes he fully ſpent for reſt,
A goodly veſſel with croſſe winds oppreſt,
Comes boyling in; *Iones* by her colours knows
She is of Spain: his colour comes and goes
At ſight of hers; that ſuch a godly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He muſters ſtrait a troop of britiſh lads,
Who on their mountaine geldings clap their pads;
With rufty bills inſtead of ſtaves in reſt;
Such were their horſe, ſuch were their arms at beſt.
Then with a fowling-piece the ſhip they haile,
With confidence that ſhe would ſtraight ſtrike ſaile:
But ſhe makes anſwer, that ſhe was too hot,
From her broad ſide with twenty Culver'n ſhot.
This ſtruck a ſtand, till *Iones* cry'd out what doubt ye?
The day is ours, maſters lay about ye,
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
Ile bring the reare, for they know me of old,
If once my name or perſon they deſcry,
My life for yours they'l either yeild or fly.
Made bold with this, in full carreere they ride
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

The

But when they came breſt-high amongſt the waves,
Their horſe more wiſe by halfe then theſe mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billowes, turne their tailes,
And make a faire retreat from Sea and Sailes;
Which left it ſhould ſeem done on termes of feare,
Iones to the front, now haſtens from the reare,
And leads them back againe in good array,
Neither with haſty flight, nor much delay.
At his returne he ſearcheth all that coaſt,
To finde a herring-boat or two at moſt;
With which he doubts not but hee'l ſinke or take
This luſty Ship; whoſe braveſt men will quake
To heare his name. But Fate that had decreed
To ſave her, caus'd her hoyſe her ſayles with ſpeed;
So with a ſtrong fore-winde away ſhe flyes,
And leaves our *Iones* to ſeek ſome other prize.
Thus croſt in this deſigne to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement;
And from the Queen ſuch grace he doth receive,
As he deſerv'd, and ſtood with her to give.
Now for the great affaire that call'd him back,
The Lords muſt pump for't in a cup of Sack
To helpe invention: *Iones* muſt be preferr'd
To ſome imployment, be it nere ſo hard.
In deep conſult and long diſcourſe they ſat on't,
And ſtudied for't; at laſt they lighted pat on't.
It is reſolv'd, that he muſt be the man
To goe in ambaſſy to Preſter John.
The buſineſſe carryed with't a glorious face;
Employ'd ambaſſador unto his Grace.

The

The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him moſt to get his name more note
In forain Lands; hee'l not refuſe the work,
Were't to the Great Magul, or the Great Turk.
A lufty Ship's prepar'd, againe he goes;
But what this great imployment was, who knowes?
Reader I know thy thoughts are ſtrongly bent
To know this firſt deſigne, on which he went.
But know this firſt, that Princes ſecret wayes,
Are ſuch as Ships cut thorow deepeſt Seas,
Which ſhut ſtill as they ope, and him that ſounds
And enters too far in, their deepneſſe drownes.
If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely; harmeleſſe thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high blown ſpirit now is ſent
To forain aire, where it may purge and vent,
And ſo returne more fit the State to ſerve
In their commands, who yet muſt him obſerve.
Perhaps he went this Prieſtly Prince to gain
Unto our Church; who gave good proof in Spain
Of's power in this; or to negotiate
Commerce betweene the Æthiop and our State,
For tuskes of Elephants to haſt our knives,
Apes and Baboones and Pugges to pleaſe our wives;
Which things ſatiety makes common there,
And curioſity oreprizeth here.
Be't what it will, our *Jones* is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make ſomething on't.
His treacherous friend the Sea his charge receives,
And with ſome flattering gales his hopes deceives,

Making the Land his firmer friend appeare
Still leſſe; untill at laſt it brought him where
He loſt her ſight: for three months time he makes
Good way; at laſt the wind his wings forſakes
The Ship's becalm'd, and to the Port ſhe ſeekes,
Shee gaines not halfe a league for thirteene weeks.
Iones finds this lazie warre offends him more,
Then all thoſe hideous ſtormes out-rid before.
Theſe ſad effects this ſleepy calme attend;
Victuall and beverage ſpent; leſſe hope of end.
Then feare of further miſeries enſues,
The Sea with calmes his patience doth abuſe,
Turnes diveliſh Stateſ-man, puts on a ſmooth face
Salutes and kills them with a ſoft imbrace.
'Twas now farre worſe with *Iones* then erſt with Skink
For three weekes his owne Urine is his drink,
Which his hot body had ſo oft ſublim'd.
'Tis grow'n a cordiall, like gold thrice calcin'd.
Breeſes of wind at laſt his ſailes diſplay,
And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
His boiſterous charge in *Mare rubrum*'s waves.
And laſtly he attaines beyond all hope,
Errocco the ſole Port of Æthiope,
And here he lands, and empties many a bowle
To allay the fury of his thirſty ſoule.
After ſome reſt he gets intelligence,
Where 'twas the Prince then kept his reſidence;
Where he repaires, and's told when he comes thither,
The Prince and towne are both remov'd to gether

Some

Some ten miles off. The Prince and towne? (quoth (*Iones*)
I have met my match: here's people make no bones
Of things beyond beliefe. And yet 'twas true;
This towne was tents which fifty thousand drew,
And rais'd in th'instant whereſoere the Prince
State downe to ſport, or ſhew magnificence.
By Mount Amara now his Court he reares;
A Mount far differing from the name it bears:
If Paradiſe had ere a ſecond birth
Below the ſeat of Saints, 'tis there on earth.
An humble valley is the Garden where
This Mount is rais'd; a vale ſo rich, ſo rare;
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot;
And ſtriving to be quaint, ſhe quite forgot
To keep reſerves: for by this worke we know,
Shee made it ſuch ſhe could make no more ſo.
Amidſt this vale is rais'd this lofty ſtructure,
Five leagues upright. It's outſides architecture
Unpoliſh'd Marble; but ſo rich, ſo faire
You'd think't a pillar of one ſtone in th'aire,
By ſome high power unto Atlas given,
To eaſe his ſhoulders whil'ſt it proppeth Heaven.
This goodly Mount a ſpecious plaine doth crowne,
Imboſt with Natures gemmes, a velvet down
That's alwayes greene; no froſt, no winter here,
Continuall Spring: here Phœbus all the yeare
From riſe to ſet, doth alwayes fire his eye,
As loath to put ſo faire an object by.

Read purchas in his relations of Æthiopia, vouching this Mount.

Here grow thoſe happy trees from whence there (ſprings
That precious oyle, which erſt anointed Kings,
And ſacred Prieſts. Nor croud they here to take
One ſenſe alone; the ſent and ſight partake.
So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As ſweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
No orchard here, nor garden but the plaine;
The choiſeſt fruit all Europe doth containe,
Grow here unplanted, here's the luſcious Grape,
That makes Joves Nectar: 'twas not Helens rape
That ruin'd Troy: the Apple got from Thence,
Had worth enough to do't. Here every ſenſe
Would ſurfeit, but each objects rarity
Gives appetite without ſatiety,
Roſes and Tulips Flora gathers here (hair,
When we have none, to crown her golden
And here Medea pickt (if *Jones* ſpeak truth)
Thoſe herbs which turnd antiquity to youth:
The only Phœnix deignes to wether here,
The only place like her without a peer:
Left all theſe ſweets ſhould want ſweet har- (mony
A numerous quire of nightingales, comply
To warble forth the ſweet Amara's praiſe,
Who turnes their mourning notes to merry (layes.
Amidſt this plaine there glides a ſilver brook,
So gently, that the ſuttleſt eye may look,
And find no motion; on his violet banks

The Apple which three goddeſſes, Juno, Pallas and Venus, contended for, which was given by Paris to Venus: whereupon followed the deſtruction of Troy.

Thick

Thick Cipres trees marſhall themſelves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus: whoſe enamor'd beames,
Peep through each little crink to view his ſtreames:
His pavement azure gravell intermixt
With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt,
Which as the aires ſoft breath his ſurface purles,
Vary their gloſſe, and twinkle through his curles:
Like a ſteel'd glaſſe preſenting to the eye,
The ſpangled beauty of the ſtarry skye.
Here Dolphins leave the ſea to wanton; here
Carps ſince the deluge their grown bodies (cheer:
Umbrana's too; ſuch had * Vitellius known,
A province ſhould have gone to purchace one:
Such is Amara, ſuch is Tempe field,
Elyſium on earth unparaleld,
'Twas here this royall Prieſt now kept his Court:
A place well ſuting with his fame and port.
And here comes *Iones*, where having mad's addreſſe,
Letters of credence given at his acceſſe
In Latine writ: in the ſame tongne he gives
Iones gratious words, which language *Iones* conceives
To be Arabick, for the Latine tongue
He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young,
But that's all one, ther's no reply expected,
Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
By men of State, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his reſt commended.
Some few dayes ſpent, and time for audience got,
When Preſter John in royall State was ſet;

A great epicure and Emperor of Rome.

Iones ſtudying how t'expreſſe his eloquence
In ſome ſtrange language which might poſe the Prince,
Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welſh oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of ſenſe
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned Linguiſts are call'd in to heare,
Who might as well have ſtopt each others eare
For ought they underſtood, and all proteſt
It was the very language of the Beaſt.
Iones hath his end, and then to make it known
He had more tongues t'expreſſe himſelfe then one;
In a new tone he ſpeaks, not halfe ſo rich,
But better known, 'twas Engliſh; unto which
An Engliſh Factor is interpreter
Between our Captain and John Presbyter;
His buſineſſe takes effect (what ere it was)
And great expreſſes of reſpect doe paſſe
To *Iones* from him, as one he thought moſt rich
In unknown tongues expreſt in his firſt ſpeech,
And ſo admires him for he knowes not what:
But *Iones* may thanke his mother-tongue for thot.
His buſineſſe done, hee's led for recreation,
To take the pleaſures of that pleaſant nation,
To mount Amara's top, the chiefeſt grace,
And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face;
And finding his great heart was moſt enclin'd
To martiall feats, all in one motion joyn'd
T'invite him to their deſerts, where he might
Make triall of his force in manly fight,

With

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him consorts
All truly try'd t'assist him in those sports.
The motion takes, a brave accoutred horse,
And his owne armes, he and's associate force
Advance to hunt; me thinkes I see them all
Drawn to the life in canvasse*'gainst the wall,
In som mean house made for good-fellowship,
How fierce they looke, how brave they prance (and skip;
With hounds and horns, and bil s and picks and (glaves,
And speares and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:
In this brave equipage they march away
To the known haunts where these wild creatures (pray.

'Twas *Iones* his trick of old to ride alone:
In hard adventures hee'l admit of none
To share with him, from them he steales aside,
And in the desert by himselfe doth ride.
Nor rode he long till just against him stalkes
A ramping Lion new come from his walkes,
Iones drawes, the furious beast with fiery e: es
And bristled mane, against his bosome flies,
But his keen sword met full with his fore pawes,
And whipt them off; and so he scap't his clawes,
Nor stai'd it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fel'd him to the ground.
Then nimbly wheels about, and stept aside,
Leaps from his horse which to a tree he ty'd:
Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

* *painted cloths in Inns and victualling houses.*

To end this combat with him foot to foot,
The wounded beaſt with all his power doth haſten,
His fearfull fangs in *Iones* his throat to faſten.
Whilſt on's hin feet he aſſaults him bolt upright,
With left hand arm'd, *Iones* ſtunnes with him the right;
Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his ſtumps
The noble beaſt unconquered fiercely jumps
Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
(For his grim face could raiſe in *Iones* no feare)
In ſhoots the deadly blade, and out behinde,
Where't makes a ſecond vent for lifes ſhort winde;
This thruſt with right hand arm'd ſo home was lent
That hand and hilt quite throw together went,
Where taking hold of his ſtrong ſtern (for truth
He ſweares) he drew't quite through his trunck this (mouth.
Then with fine force (the like was never ſeen)
He ſtrips his inſide out, and's outſide in.
Thus tergiverſt upon his ſteed he flings him,
Then mounts himſelfe, & to the Court he brings him.
Never was royall beaſt ſo groſly jaded,
But 'twas his fat which could not be evaded,
Unto the gallants of the Court he ſhewes,
How hard th'adventure was, what thruſts, what blowes;
On every circumſtance he doth dilate;
Nor addes he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
For much he ſpoke, the Lion made it good
With loſſe of his foure legs, and his beſt bloud.
This ſtrang atchievement ſtrikes them all with wonder,
'Twas never ſeen ſince Greeces Alexander.

Lyſima-

Lyſimachus, Liſander, nor Perdicas,
Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as
Our *Jones* in this: 'Tis true, they write they (kill'd,
In ſingle fight ſome few of theſe in field;
But here's a force born with a higher ſaile,
Tranſtorting tayle to head, and head to tayle.
The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:
But inward feare and jealouſy it rais'd
Of our brave Queen, whoſe ſcepter doth command
Such men whoſe power no Nation can withſtand.
Jones might ſo far on his owne ſtrength preſume, as
To ſeiſe his throne, as * Cortez Montezuma's
Had done before. Theſe thoughts he oft re- (volves
With troubled mind, and ſo in fine reſolves
To ſhift him thence: makes for his faire pre- (tence,
Matter of high and haſty conſequence,
To be with ſpeed convey'd unto our Queen;
Except her ſelfe it muſt by none be ſeen.
This paſt on *Jones*, who parts with high content,
Nobly preſented with faire complement.
Amongſt the reſt, a Parrot that could ſpeak
All tongues but *Jones* his own; that had a beak
Of perfect corall, plum'd as white as ſnow:
This he accepts, and ſo to Sea does goe:
Where under ſaile ſuch welcome he receives,
As one dire foe unto another gives.
With calmes, and ſtormes, & winds, all croſſe, that bear

Read Curtius, touching theſe.

**A private Spaniſh Commander, that took this great King of Mexico with a handfull of men.*

The ſhip quite off the courſe that ſhe would ſteer
Long time thus ſpent, into a Bay he drives,
And at a Port unknown at laſt arrives:
Where he beholds a glorious Caſtle built
High on a cliffe, whoſe walls pure gold, or guilt
To him appear'd. Which object cauſ'd him land,
To know who did this Princely ſeat command.
He's told it is the Queen of No-lands place,
The onle relict of her royall race,
A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
Where many Kings and Princes of high port
Make their addreſſe, and loſe themſelves in love,
To purchaſe hers, for not a man can move
Her heart to wed, though nere ſo great his ſtate,
Or form exact, ſuch was the will of Fate.
Here as he lands, a large Cannow was ſent
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
In this a Dutchman came by happy Fate,
Who could his Language to the Queen tranſlate.
This man he tels as briefly as he can,
His voyage from his Queen to Preſter John:
How by croſſe winds in his return he's blow'n,
And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
Iones is reſolv'd to ſee and to be ſeen
Of this great Princeſſe, that our virg'n Queen
Might know when he returns what form, what port
This royall virgin carried in her Court.
Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
All maſſie poliſh'd braſſe; at his firſt ward,

Six

ix milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.
hence through a large great ſpecious Court he paſt,
nd ſo aſcends twelve ivory ſteps at laſt,
Vith ebon columnes, unto which were tide
welve ſharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide
When ſtrangers doe approach. *Iones* through them (all
s ſafely guarded to a goodly Hall.
rom thence aſcends to roomes of greater ſtate,
nd comes at laſt where this Princeſſe royall ſate
pon a ſtrange rich bed, not ſtuff'd with down,
ut cloſely wrought, and like a bladder blow'n;
hree Æthiops on each ſide, to fanne the air
Vith Oſtridge plumes perfum'd as rich as faire.
er beauty could not boaſt of white and red,
ut jet like black; about her criſp curl'd head
nd cheeks, there hang rich flaming ſtones and pearls,
hat paſt Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.
n briefe; if Tuſcan liv'd to limne the night
parkling with ſtarres, this were her picture right.
o ſooner to her ſight doth *Iones* appear;
hen to her heart his piercing eyes ſhot fire;
Which Cupid blowes and rais'd into a flame,
hat warmes her zeale to invocate his name.
o part of *Iones* but in her eye exceeds
ll humane ſhape; ſome god he muſt be needs.
ut when at here requeſt he doth relate
he chances of his paſt and preſent ſtate;
ever was eare with Orpheus harp poſſeſt
s hers with *Iones*, whil'ſt he his life expreſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe that have warm'd themſelves by theſe ſtron(fires

May eas'ly gueſſe what fruits her wild deſires
Produc'd to *Iones*; The obſervance of the Court,
With feaſts and banquets, and all Princely ſport,
Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wiſh
That meat he likes, but ſtraight 'tis in his diſh.
In this high ſtate ſome months he takes his eaſe,
Whil'ſt this ſick Princeſſe feeds on her diſeaſe:
At laſt a ſharp alarm damps theſe deſires,
Which threatned death, but could not quench her fires.
A Prince there was mighty in bulk and mind,
Whoſe Kingdoms confines unto No-land joyn'd:
Deſcended in his race from Og of Baſan;
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h'had been
A long hot ſuter to this mighty Queen,
But ſtill repuls'd: now this unruly fire
Suppreſt with ſcorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
A mighty hoaſt he rays'd, and marcheth through
The heart of No-land, to command, not wooe:
Approaching neer her Court, he ſends her word
She muſt be his owne Queen at bed and board,
Or ſee her Kingdome burn in higher flames,
Then his for her: yet (for his ſpirit ſhames
To warre with women) if ſhe can find out
One man in all her Realm, that is ſo ſtout
In her defence with him his ſword to try,
Hee'l bravely win her, or hee'l bravely dye.
Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Could

Could not be parallel'd by man nor horſe.
Nor could it chuſe but make the Queen look black,
Not pale. Th'interpreter at *Iones* his back
Rounds in his eare this proud imperious ſpeech;
Had ſhe been thence, h'had bid him kiſſe his breech
For this proud meſſage: up howere he ſtarts,
And this loud anſwer with his mouth he farts;
Goe tell Bahader Cham Mombaza's King,
One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling
With him ere night, that one who at one breath
Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,
Will looke him dead; nor will I only be
This Princeſſe champion, but (thy Cham to ſee)
I'le walke through beds of Scorpions: for I hear
He dares enough, and I can brooke no peer.
This high reply nere mov'd the haughty Cham,
Let *Iones* be what he will hee's ſtill the ſame.
The day's his owne before the fight's begun:
Were Mars himſelf in ſtead of Mars his ſon.
A back and breſt and helmet ſtrong he dond,
Well wrought and varniſh'd by ſome Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of ſpeciall ſtrength,
With arrowes barb'd, at leaſt two yards in length:
A crooked Scimiter whoſe edge was flint,
Queintly conjoyn'd and ſome tough ſpell was in't,
To make it proof againſt the ſtrength of ſteel.
Oft had this ſword made head-ſtrong Giants reel.
By his right ſide a maſſie Mace he hangs,
With which his ſturdy foes to death he bangs.
A buckler like a Spaniſh ruffe he wore

About

About his neck, full halfe yard deep, or more:
He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
But to keep off his urine from his face.
For you muſt know that member was ſtill mounted:
The braveſt womans man on earth accounted.
And thus prepar'd, this luſty Termagant,
Aſcends his Caſtle on his Elephant.
And then advanceth to a ſpacious Green,
Before the Caſtle of this maiden Queen.
A brave Arabian courſer is prepar'd
For *Iones*, his owne true armes he dons for guard,
Llwellins ſword to doe; and ſo deſcends
Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.
Iones was to ſeek what kinde of fight were beſt,
To make againſt this Giant and his beaſt.
Both farre exceed in ſtrength himſelfe and horſe,
And therefore art muſt now be joyn'd with force:
No breſt to breſt, a nimble charge, and gon.
His ready ſteed as ſoon comes off as on.
Had not the well-try'd armes he wore prov'd true,
The Chams ſmart whale-bone bow had made him rue
This bold attempt: but what can whales weake bones,
VVhen whales themſelves came ſhort to ſwallow (*Iones*
Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off cleer,
At laſt he came cloſe up in full career,
And turning ſhort, the horſes hind feet ſlipt:
Through which miſchance the Carry-caſtle ript
His bowells forth, with's tusk; down falls the horſe:
The furious beaſt claſpt *Iones* with his proboſce;

And

And mounts him high; but in his riſe he found
The meanes to give Bahaders face a wound,
And cuts in th'inſtant off, the trunke that claſpt him:
So downe the Elephant was forc't to caſt him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of *Cæſars* Soldiers and no more.
The wounded beaſt inrag'd with paine cries (out
VVith hideous voice, and plung'd and (branc'd about
The Green, till from his ſeat the Prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the Cham from his firſt growth,
This feat he had been taught) though mad with paine,
He ſtrives to mount him on his back againe.
But *Iones* had lopt off his ſtrong trunk before,
Whereby he could performe this feate no more.
Here *Iones* denies he bred this docill beaſt,
Taught to his hand, he got him to the Eaſt;
And his report muſt have beliefe before us,
Who ſwears it was the ſame that carry'd (* *Porus*
Againſt the *Macedon*. I cannot ſee (be,
How by wiſe natures rules this thing ſhould
Unleſſe in *Plinies* Volumes it appeares,
That Elephants may live two thouſand years.
Now *Iones* leaps up in haſt, and ſwiftly flyes,
With ſword in hand, where bruis'd *Bahader* (lyes;
And ere he could get up, one waſhing ſtroke
His head & buckler from his ſhoulders took;

Read the Commentaries de bello Africano.

* *Read Curtius touching that Elephant of Porus, who often remounted his maſter with his trunk in that battell betweeen him and Alexander.*

Which

Which when twas off, they may compare't that will,
To the grim S Johns head on Ludgate hill.
His numerous Army ſtruck with grief and fright
At his ſad fate betooke it ſelfe to flight,
And thus was No-lands Queen redeem'd by *Iones*
From bondage, rape, and No-lands loſſe at once.
Now if ſhe lov'd our Captaine well before,
In reaſon ſhe muſt love him tenne times more,
Which ſhe expreſt by laying at his foot
Her people, No-land, and her ſelfe to boot:
But whether'twas the god of loves deep curſe,
That ſhe refus'd for better, or for worſe,
Thoſe mighty Princes which to her he ſent,
To make her dote on a non-reſident;
Flings ſnow-balles at his heart, and flames at hers;
To keep conjunction from theſe errant Starres;
Or whether *Iones* his genitals had got
Some lame defect by Skinks late deſperate ſhot
And ſo his noble heart made him refuſe,
What having got he could not rightly uſe.
'Tis not in me to judge, but this I know,
Her violent fires ſcorcht her, and him his ſnow,
So cold that to avoid her amorous ſight,
He leaves her court, and ſteales to ſea by night:
So Jaſon us'd Medea erſt, but hee's
So wiſe to take with him the golden fleece,
Which *Iones* contemn'd to doe, and thought himſelfe
When ſafe return'd, his countries Mine of welth.
No certain ground I have here to relate,
This great deſerted Queens unhappy fate,

But

But Sr. John Mandevils, who doth deliver,
As *Iones* reports, he came ſoon after thither,
And found the peoples outſide all in black;
A ſad expreſſion for their Princeſſe wrack.
Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done,
Redeeme'd their Queen and kingdome from the ſhame
Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Cham
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man in ſingle combat kild.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchleſſe man,
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,
Whilſt on the Cliffe with penſive thoughts ſhe ſate,
A ſudden ſpring ſhe gave, and ſo commends
Her ſelfe to ſea, where life and love ſhe ends.
No more of this ſad ſtuffe: let's all at once
Joyne in a joyfull welcome home to *Iones*.
In ſix moneths ſaile he ſteers by Goodwin ſands,
Caſts anker at the Downes: the next day lands,
Haſts to the Queen at London, there expreſſes
Every particular of his addreſſes
To Preſter John; the great affaires ſucceſſe
As ſhe deſir'd: Laſtly, in his progreſſe,
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
'Till 'twas confirm'd by Sr. John Mandevill,
Whoſe ſtrange reports they may believe that will.
Now let us well obſerve the happy Fate,
Which ſtill provided for the Queen and State.

Iones had not rested fully three dayes here,
But out there breaks a great and fearfull fire
Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
So fit as common sense, as Captain *Iones*.
Brave Essex through affronts turn'd male-content,
Hatches in's brest a desperate intent,
To seise the Person of the Queen, and those
He found most nere about her his strong foes.
Her Grace and Counsell call for *Iones*, to know
What in his judgment now were best to doe.
Who first her gratious pardon doth beseech.
And then delivers this short pithy speech.
First guard the Court with Westminsters strong bands,
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
Out with your houshold men, shut up your gates;
Wee'l make your foes turn taile with broken pates.
Then call to you the richest of your Citt's,
But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits
Are close knit up: but onely thus much make
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;
That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
Can grasp the sword, and scepter of this Land.
Thus arme their hearts, & rouse them from their beds,
And then let us alone to arme their heads.
She now requires, that *Iones* in person goe
To Essex, his intents to sound and know;
To use all fairest meanes that may reduce him,
From those leud wayes, to which lost men seduce him.
He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,
And is admitted in as soon as heard.

And

And here he finds Sr. Walter Rawleigh with him;
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to some madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Iones* doth Rawleigh rate,
Shaking his martiall truncheon ore his pate:
Bids him pack thence to th'knaves of his Grand Jury,
Hee'l make him else th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense;
Gives place to time, and so withdrawes from thence.
Then *Iones* these Councells to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.
How weak his power; much lesse unto the force
Of Englands then his Raine-deer's to a horse.
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,
His honours lost, his ancient house made void:
Beside, his cause was naught; for though himselfe
Nere read the lawes of this great Common welth,
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmlesse blood that shall be spilt
In this bad cause, must lye on Essex guilt.
Lay hand on heart most noble Peere, (quoth *Iones*)
The Queen can pardon, and inrich at once.
Be you but good, she can be gratious,
Your own experience can informe you thus.
Thus *Iones* possest his noble heart so far,
He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war;
Himselfe and house he yeelds unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too soon was seen.

This is the laſt great act I can relate,
Of his good ſervice for the Queen and State:
Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
Which his high ſpirit paſt by without regard:
And his great Queen was ſeriouſly bent,
To put him in ſome place of government;
But Nature onely taught the man to fight,
And his rude Mother not to read and write.
Which was the chiefeſt cauſe that made him hate
To be imploy'd in myſteries of State:
Beſides, he was not pleaſed that her Grace
Cut off this Noble man before his face,
Whom he brought in; it may be his owne lot,
With axe or cord for nought to goe to pot.
Thus ignorance, a diſcontented mind,
And worth ill weigh'd, doe make him fall behind
Occaſions lock; which loſt, he never more,
Though bred and breath'd on hills, ſhall get before.
Now time and bruiſes, and much loſſe of blood,
Had made *Iones* feel cold age was not ſo good
As fiery youth; he needs muſt find a fail
Of what he was: declin'd from top to tail.
Which made him wiſh he might put up his reſt,
And breath his laſt in his own Countries breſt.
And for this cauſe he went unto her Grace,
And begg'd of her a Muſter-maſters place,
In Wales, neere his firſt home: where he may ſpend
His later dayes in peace, and in it end:
And yet to leave behind his martiall art,
To Wale's poſterity, before he part.

This

This ſute with ſpeed and readineſſe is granted,
And ſo to Wales our Muſter-maſter's janted.
Here many years he ſpent in telling more,
Or leſſe of thoſe ſtrange things he did before:
At laſt in his old age he growes ſo wilde,
He needs muſt marry, to beget a childe.
Which though he miſt, the maſtery he muſt have
Ore every ſex, *Iones* ſent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increaſt,
He meditates thrice every day at leaſt.
His only prayer was the Abſolution
In our old Liturgy, with ſome confuſion
Of ſhort ejaculations in his bed,
For ſome old ſlips, and for the bloud he ſhed;
Eſpecially for thoſe ſix Kings he kild
Without remorce at the Juzippian field:
At laſt death comes, whoſe power he defi'd
From firſt to laſt, and, thus he liv'd and di'd.
Now you wild blads that make looſe Innes your ſtage
To vapour forth the acts of this ſad age,
Your Edghil fight, the Newberies and the Weſt,
And Northern claſhes; where you ſtill fought beſt:
Your ſtrange eſcapes, your dangers voyd of feare,
When bullets flew between the head and eare:
Your *pia maters* rent, periſht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts:
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,
To you I ſpeake, ſtill waving men of merit,
Be modeſt in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard atchivements, I'le proceed

Once more to imp my rurall muſes wings,
And turne my lyre ſo high, I'le break her ſtrings,
But I will reach ye, and thence raiſe ſuch laughter,
As ſhall continue for five ages after.

The Captaines Elegie.

And art thou gone brave man? hath conqering death
Put a full period to thy bluſtering breath?
Thus hath ſhe plaid her maſter-piece? and here
Fixt her nil ſupra *on thy ſable beere?*
Scap'ſt thou thoſe hideous ſtorms, thoſe horrid fights,
With many Giants; cruel beaſts, fierce Knights?
Such dangerous ſtratagems, ſuch foes intrapping,
And now hath death don't? ſure ſhe took thee napping,
For hadſt thou been awake to uſe thy ſword,
She would have ſhun'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word
For thy apparence, till the laſt return
Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn
Through thy chapt clay unto Elyſiums ſhades
T' incounter with the ghoſts of thoſe old blades,
Great Caſar, Scipio, Annibal; 'cauſe here
Thy fiery ſpirit could not finde its peer?
How couldſt thou elſe finde time to fold thy armes
In thy ſtill grave, now Mars raines bloudy ſtormes,
On Chriſtian earth? great Auſtria would be ours
Without pitcht field, without beleaguering towrs:
Wert thou but here, thy ſword would ſtrike the ſtroke
To breake or bring their necks to Britaines yoke.

Per-

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To snatch thee up, lest thou shouldest come too late,
Now souldiers drop pel mel, whose soules might thrust
Thine from the chiefest place, which thou from first
Hast gain'd on earth; now what shall England doe?
Limp like some grandame that hath lost her shooe.
Put case a new Tyrone again should spring
From his old urne, no some such furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our Jones,
To bring these Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or say 'gainst Spaine our pikes we re-advance,
For their old Sack, as such a thing may chance,
Where shall we then finde out that Martiall man,
That kild six thousand with nine-score? hee's gone.
And we that lick the dish that Homer lapt in,
What fury now shall our dull braines be rapt in?
We must goe sing Sr. Lanchelot and rehearse
Old Huan's villanous prose in Wilder verse;
Or else put up our pipes, and all at once,
Crie farewell wit: all's gone with Captaine Jones.
Well goe thy wayes (old blade th'hast done thy share
For things beyond beliefe time (never feare)
Will give thee being here: th'hast left us stuffe,
To build thy Pyramid, more then enough,
To equall Cayre's, and happily twil out last it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough cast it.
Farewell great soule, and take this praise with many;
Except thy foes, thou nere didst harme to any:
And thus farre let our Muse thy losse deplore,
Well she may sigh, but she shall nere sing more.

His

His Epitaph.

TRead ſoftly (mortalls) ore the bones
Of the worlds wonder Captaine Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Poſterity let this ſuffice,
He ſwore all's true, yet here he lyes.

FINIS.